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A RONDEAU OF THE GLOAMING.

When twilight falls upon the lake,
The young moon trailing in its wake,
A moment let your oak blade drip,
And let your memory sweetly slip
Away in barques old memories shape.

In fancy ships that sail where break
In waves some olden songs that make
A wet eye-lash and trembling lip
When twilight falls.

And let for buried laughter's sake
A song its way through gloaming take,
A song whose numbers lightly trip
A rhythm rhyming with the dip
Of oars agleam with watery flake
When twilight falls.

THOMAS P. TRAVERS, '99.

THE POET AND THE NOVELIST AS MORALISTS.

I.

THE passing century will stand unique in the history of time as an age of unrest, of disquiet, and of revolution. It was ushered in by the air of revolution, its first breath was one of rebellion, and its dying gasp is but a magnificent interrogation point. It has been an age of activity, good and bad. Revolution in politics, in theology, and even in the domain of letters, which last falls more directly under our present theme.

The close of the eighteenth and birth of the nineteenth century heard Byron's *Hours of Idleness*, Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Crabbe's *Library and Village*, the productions of the Lake School, the *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, and *Lyrical Ballads*. It also heard with pleasure gentle Elia and Campbell's stirring songs. To-day we lend an attentive ear to George Eliot, Dickens, Thackeray, Stevenson, Newman, Ruskin, Swinburne, Spalding, Crawford, Kipling, and Sienkiewicz.

It will soon strike the student of the history of literature that, while all classes of writing have increased an hundredfold, certain of these have far outstripped others, and some scarcely known a century ago are to-day of paramount importance. From this glance it will be noted that the novel is to-day the main channel of men's thoughts; and if

it is, as some say, really forcing other forms into the background, we must admit the struggle is truly a battle of the strong.

Before proceeding I would beg the reader to disburden himself as far as possible of all preconceived notions that he may entertain concerning the respective merits of the novel and poetry. I am sensible that the defender of the novel has mountains of prejudice to overcome. Yet to judge fairly we must hear both sides. Lovers of poetry need not fear that I shall do violence to their loves and hates. I am not the iconoclast who would desecrate the niches of the Nine. Nor will I concede that my love or appreciation of the divine art is one jot or tittle less than that of any of my respected readers. I have loved too long to snap friendship with adorable Poe and his peers. Too sweetly does Shelley's Sky-lark sing, that I should close my ears to the fragments of his song which I am permitted to hear. But we are preluding too largely. We shall to the point at once.

Let the reader bear in mind that we shall speak of ideals in art rather than of realities. Since it would be hazardous to declare the ideal to have been attained in any art, we shall confine ourselves to such productions as have most nearly approached the ideal. M. Zola, it is true, has outraged all human feeling in the novel, and in it Mrs. Ward advanced the standard of agnosticism. Yet is it not also true that Zola and Mrs. Ward have attained notoriety rather by the grandeur of the cause they attacked than by any great merit as artists. It is evident that we may not take into

account such individual abuses of either poetry or the novel, for in doing so we forestall any conclusion. though we discuss the question *ad nauseam*.

Poetry has as its domain the imagination. Imagination is as vast as the universe. It may wander where there is neither time nor space. It may go where the wondrous fair sight of Eden may not yet have reached. So vast is poetry's domain. Poetry divides itself into several great divisions according to the subject treated: dramatic, didactic, epic, lyric, narrative, descriptive, pastoral, and elegiac. The dramatic is virtually a novel under a different form blended with the lyric. Didactic is really no poetry at all. The remaining forms may with propriety be regarded other forms of the lyric. Lyric poetry is poetry pre-eminent. It is the language of exuberance, of emotion, of the imagination; it is, as Poe aptly terms it, *the rhythmical creation of beauty*. It places the mind in that state in which it is the least liable to exert itself intellectually. On all minds it certainly has great effect, but it has this disadvantage that it is inclined to make us men of impulse rather than men of principle. Morally this means everything, as a man of impulse may often be more dangerous than an evil-doer. The story of Orpheus and the Sirens' song is not without its lesson. The Sirens sang sweetly, to be sure, but their song made men forget calm reason and good sense and rush to the rocks of destruction. Rocks and trees danced to Orpheus' song; that's poetical; but a certain latter-day Orpheus led besides

Hamlin's pest all its children to destruction; that's practical.

Now it is not mine to prove poetry *per se* immoral, rather is it my purpose to prove, while it need not be *immoral*, it certainly is *unmoral* and at most aesthetic in its aim. To begin with, poetry was not born to be studied. Its primary purpose is not to make better or wiser men, but to make happier men, and to elevate morally only in so far as it delights us and elevates our ideal of beauty which need not however be moral beauty at all. The difference between moral and aesthetic sense is a wide one. The moral is that which judges an act to be good or bad and tells us to do or shun such act; the aesthetic is that which strikes our souls with tenderness, pity, or love on beholding a sweet Madonna. Aestheticism *sans* morality is a sham as is morality without religion. The vision of Beauty follows obedience of its laws, and the obedience of its laws can only follow the knowledge of them. To attempt to instil aesthetic sense before the moral is in a manner characteristic of agnosticism.

It is not the end of poetry to moralize, rather should is rhapsodize; its object is not truth, its ideal is not necessarily duty which is related in a collateral way only with Beauty. Beauty and Beauty alone, as including also sublimity and grandeur, is the end of poetry. Nor need this beauty revert to God. A theologian is a trespasser when he attempts to dictate to the poet-artist that he should make morality his ideal. Only then may he protest when the poet uses his art to fur-

ther *immoral* means. A poem to be a true poem need have no more positive moral purpose than a landscape painting. Nor am I alone in this opinion that the purpose of poetry is an *unmoral* one. Dryden voices a similar view. Poe in terms most emphatic declares: The demands of truth are severe. She has no sympathy with the myrtles. All that which is indispensable in song is *precisely* all that, with which she has *nothing whatever* to do. In enforcing a truth we need severity rather than efflorescence of language. We must be simple, precise, terse. We must be cool, calm, and unimpassioned. He must be theory-mad beyond redemption who in spite of these differences will still persist in attempting to reconcile the obstinate oils of poetry and truth. When poetry attacks immorality she does so solely on the ground of her deformity, her disproportion, and her ugliness. Beauty, not truth, is the end of poetry. A recent writer declares that poetry is not to be studied but read only. In other words, it is mental recreation only.

Another writer goes a step farther: "It (poetry) starts inquiries and asks a multitude of questions, as a child does, but prose answers them. It is wayward, capricious, passionate and unreasonable. Beauty or pleasure it seeks, but never use. Deformity or pain it may employ but only by way of contrast and only so far as employed by painting and sculpture. Both in language and in aim it is the language of youth."

Now the poet may take for his theme subjects essentially Catholic, but he does so for no other

reason but for the beauty which his aesthetic sense prompts him to admire. For the same reason we may see in the homes of the veriest agnostics fair St. Cecilians and sad Madonnas. Even Puritanical Milton in his Christmas Ode cannot resist and straightway sings:

“But see, the Virgin blessed
Hath laid the Babe to rest.”

How tenderly Byron utters this praise:

“Ave Maria! ’t is the hour of prayer:
Ave Maria! ’t is the hour of love!
Ave Maria! may our spirits dare
Look up to thine and to thy Son’s above!
Ave Maria! oh that face so fair!
Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty Dove,—
What though ’t is but a pictured image? Strike,—
That painting is no idol; ’t is too like.”

Poe, Browning, Longfellow, Wordsworth, all sang Catholic themes. But it was their love of the beautiful that prompted them to do so.

Now permit me to introduce two lyrics recognized as among the finest in our language, whose themes are in direct contrast to those already quoted:

“The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle, answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear, how thin and clear
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing.
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying,
Blow, bugle, answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they dye in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,

Blow, bugle, answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying."

What can equal the exquisiteness of the following:

"Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low breathe and blow.
Wind of the western sea.
Over the rolling water go,
Come from the dying moon and blow
Blow him again to me,

While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps."

This is dainty, charming; but to me it appears that these words appeal almost wholly to the aesthetic and not to the moral sense. In the instance of Byron we see in how far a poet may handle a religious theme and still avoid didacticism. But when didacticism is the poet's primary object, it is soon perceptible that he loses in poetic sentiment. Father Faber's Poems illustrate this. Noble as his purpose may have been it detracted from the poetic merits of his poems, notwithstanding the fact that some one recently has dared to compare him with Shelley and Keats. That the poems above cited are without *any* moral culture I do not contend, but that this culture dwindles to a minimum when compared with that of the novel which we shall presently discuss, I honestly maintain. The foreignness of moralizing to poetry is well exemplified in Dryden and Milton; for where either introduces even a suspicion of such

didacticism, he becomes wooden and loses in charm.

The following verses will enable the reader to better understand in how far a poem may be moral. The first is that grand old hymn:

“Jesu dulcis memoria,
 Dans vera cordis gaudia:
 Sed super mel et omnia,
 Ejus dulcis praesentia.
 Nil canitur suavius,
 Auditur nil jucundius,
 Nil cogitatur dulcius,
 Quam Jesus Dei Filius.
 Nec lingua valet dicere,
 Nec litera exprimere:
 Expertus potest credere,
 Quid est Jesum diligere.”

The second is that magnificent nature-love-song which, I presume, is dear to all Teutonic hearts:

“Freude, schoener Goetterfunken,
 Tochter aus Elysium:
 Wir betreten feuertrunken/
 Himmlische, dein Heiligtum.
 Deine Zauber binden wieder,
 Was der Mode Schwert geteilt:
 Alle Menschen werden Brueder,
 Wo dein sanfter Fluegel weilt.
 Seid umschlungen, Millionen,
 Diesen Kuss der ganzen Welt!
 Brueder ueber'm Sternenzelt
 Muss ein lieber Vater wohnen.”

The last is that inspired joy-song too long to be quoted, the *Initium* of St. John.

In all the above we feel a sense of exultation and joy within us. Each fills us with a longing of we know not what. In fact this feeling of joy

approaches almost terror. And yet there is no moral instruction in these songs as such. The *Initium* of St. John exemplifies this more than any. The moral deductions are of course the result of *divine* inspiration; but even supposing for the sake of argument that these truths were not truths but simply the result of a rich imagination, the whole would be no less a perfect artistic poetic composition. This clearly shows how little the moral purpose is linked to poetry.

FELIX T. SEROCZYNSKI, '99.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A FLORAL MONUMENT.

Fain would I speak of flowers.
The lovely maids of spring;
When zephyrs haunt the bowers
And fragrant odors bring.

The icy northern blast
Alas! hath killed the flowers.
Hath dread and sorrow cast
On garden, bush, and bowers.

The lovely rose did bloom
On that delicious bed:
But now there is but gloom:
The lovely rose is dead.

'Tis but the stem that's left,
Deserted, bare, and grey:
Of all its charms bereft,
And near its own decay.

I recognize in thee
The tombstone of the flower;
A monument it be
Of life and charm and power.

STRAY LEAVES FROM A NOTE-BOOK.

(Continued.)

VICTOR HUGO: THE EXPONENT OF FRENCH
MODERN LITERATURE.

TO the mind of his devotees, no other man of his century, has had so many claims upon the affection of the French people as did Sir Victor Hugo; and no other man has won such glory, as falling upon the pathway of the *enfant sublime* at its beginning, and has lighted it with glowing radiance to the end. Little needs be said of his life. In character and works he stood the choice epitome of his race and epoch. Greatest of modern Frenchmen, noble by birth and nature, a democratic aristocrat, fierce foe of the despot, tender minister to the outcast and poor, orator with tongue of flame, enthusiastic statesman, visionary in the eyes of the practical, ready to go and remain in exile for his convictions, god-father of French romance, poet of sentiment and satire, chivalry and passion, humanitarian, lover of children, ideal exponent of "L'art d'être Grand-père", mouthpiece of the French revolution—all these and many more epithets men gave to Victor Hugo.

Victor was the youngest of three sons of general Hugo who served with distinction through Napoleon's campaign in Italy and Spain. Madame Hugo and her children followed the general into both countries; and thus their early years were spent amid strange sights and scenes, following

the fortune of war. Afterward young Hugo entered a preparatory school in Paris, with a view to entering the Polytechnic later on. He was fifteen years old when he aspired to the prize offered by the Academy for the best poem on the advantages of study: which prize was withheld him on account of his youth and because the dignitaries of the institution took offense at one of the passages in the work, which they opined to be too presumptuous. However, two years later, he carried two prizes at the academy of Flual Games, and in 1821 his first volume of lyrical poems appeared which not only confirmed the high regard, in which many of the most eminent men of France held his genius, but also obtained for him a pension of three hundred francs from Louis XVIII. This pension enabled him to marry Adele Foucher, for whom he had conceived a romantic affection and who when poverty and other difficulties stood in the way never faltered in her affection.

The first volume of Hugo's "Odes and Ballads" appeared in 1822, and his tales, "Hans of Iceland", and "Bug-Jargal" were written about this time. In 1826 he published a second volume of "Odes and Ballads" which exhibited a change in his political and literary sentences; and in 1827 he composed his drama, "Cromwell". In 1829 he published his "Last Days of a Condemned Criminal", the terrific interest in which secured it an immense success. Hugo now prepared a further attack on the stiff, unnatural style of French dramatic literature in his "Hermani". At this juncture he proclaimed the enfranchisement of

French poetical thought from the rigid canons of classical authority; and all the enthusiastic believers in the future glories of the "Muse Romantique" were amazed by the breadth of horizon and height of empyrean, which her wings might sweep and into which he might soar. "Hermani" was first played at the Theatre Francais, Feb. 26th, 1830 and caused a scene of riotous confusion. The Academy went so far as to lay complaints against his attempted innovation at the foot of the throne. Charles X. replied that "in matters of art he was not more than a private person." Shortly after the Revolution of July, 1830, "Marion de Lorme," which had been suppressed by the censorship under the Restoration, was brought out with success. "Le Roi s'amuse" was performed at the Theatre Francais, in Jan., 1832, and the day after its production it was interdicted by the government. Owing to popular prejudice and the cabals of his rivals, Hugo's first dramas did not succeed. At length "Lucrece Borgia", his first prose drama came out at the Theatre de la Porte Saint Martin, with Mlle. Georges as *Lucrece* and Frederic Le Maitre as *Gennaro*. "Marie Tudor", "Angelo", and "Esmeralda" followed in quick succession. The latter drama was founded on Hugo's novel "Notre Dame de Paris", but did not share the success of that work, being hissed off the stage. "Ruy Blas" written in 1836 for the opening of the new theatre established by Dumas and other supporters of the romantic movement, met with great success. LeMaitre played the title *role*. To this succeeded "Les Burgraves" at the Comedie Franc-

aise. The piece was hissed but ran its course in spite of the opposition.

Hugo, tired out with the fierce struggles and petty annoyances which beset his path, now abandoned the stage and turned to other works. In 1841 he was received a member of the French Academy, and soon after was raised to the peerage of King Louis Philippe. After the *coup d'etat* of 1851, Hugo refused the amnesty offered by Napoleon III., rejected with scorn the triumph of Imperialism and went into an exile of nineteen years. During this time his most brilliant success was achieved. His prose works of this period include "Les Miserables," "Les Praveilleurs de la Mer," "L'Homme qui Rit," "Quatre- Vingt-Treize;" his poems, "Napoleon le Petit," "Le Chatiments," "La Legende de Siecles," "Chansons des Rues et des Bois" and "Les Contemplations." They were all published in Belgium, their sale being prohibited in France under the empire. It cannot be doubted that the influence of some of his works in preparing the overthrow of Napoleon III. was very great. Hugo refused to avail himself of the general amnesty issued Aug. 15th, 1859. On the fall of the Empire, however, he hastened back to his native country, entered heartily into the Republican movement and was returned to the National Assembly at Bordeaux, which he quitted in disgust, sending on March 9th, 1871, the following characteristic letter to president M. Grevy: "Three weeks ago the assembly refused to hear Garibaldi, today it refuses to hear me; I resign my seat." Hugo then returned to Brussels, but the Belgian

government, warned by his violent writings and avowed sympathy which the Communists, expelled him from the realm. He then sought refuge in the seclusion of the little town Vianden, in Luxemburg, where he composed "L'Annee Terrible." Returning to Paris, July 1871, he pleaded earnestly for the lives of Rossel, Ferre, and other Communists to no effect. He accepted the *Mandit Imperatif* in the ensuing elections but Vantrian defeated him. Hugo has given an account of this period of his career in "Actes et Paroles," 1870—71—72. Collections of his lyrics which were published from time to time bore the titles: "Les Rayons et les Ombres", "Les Vaix Interieures", "Les Feuilles d'Automme," "Chants du Crepuscule," etc. Hugo's literary works brought him a moderate fortune. His last years were spent at his home in the outskirts of Paris, in an avenue named in his honor. In his domestic life Hugo passed through many sorrows, losing one after the other, his wife, eldest daughter, and two sons. His daughter Adele was sent to an insane asylum. The elder of his sons, Charles, former editor of "La Rappel", left two children, the "Georges and Jeanne" of the "Grandpere's" later poems. Hugo died May 22nd, 1885. He was eighty-three years old on his last birthday, the 26th of Feb., the year of his birth being 1802 and his birth-place Besancon.

Much has been said of his literary productions and of late many *de luxe* editions were sold. Since the praise and blame which hang on the lowest boughs are easily plucked and generally worth-

less, we urge the Collegian-man to give us a critique of Hugo's works. Harmony, beauty, goodness, and justice of God are ignored in his works. Small wonder then that his "might have been" beauteous blossoms of French literature were marred by the cantankerous worm of deism and immorality, and imbued with a profound humanitarian sentiment. His works are like flowers that would feign impart under the specious semblance of drips of honey poison, "as sweet, sane knowledge of life in a manner so illusive that they smile at you, while you pull aside their petals, probing their heart."

IGNATIUS F. ZIRCHER, '97.

HAPPINESS AND CONSCIENCE.

Conscience, faithful echo of our deeds,
Did once with happiness conclude, for aye
To give a mirrored image of our feats
Performed in lawful or unlawful way.
But happiness, thrice welcome when most gay,
Will always flee from mortals stained with sin;
For, loving righteousness, it cannot stay
Where sin doth dwell united with its kin.
Know: Happiness with stainless conscience you may win.

PROTUS L. STAIERT, '99.



SMOKING ROOM STUDIES.

“Of joyous things there been full three
Eftsoons ye best hight a cool smokee.”

Local Rubaiyat.

Perhaps these pages are more allegorical than idyllic, or more prosaic than either. The casual reader may incline to the prosy view. If so, it is because he has never lounged in this particular smoking-room. My words may be weak and prosy, but that room is *strong* and poetical.

It was not always so. Tradition tells of a time when the stringency of the local laws forced the great-hearted smoker to practice his art in caves and dens, to hide, as it were, his light under a bushel. Even the bravest buried his trusty pipe miles away from the campus boundary. The ruses practiced to cover up all traces of the forbidden practice force a smile from us of this enlightened age. Each man had a marked tree near which was buried the hidden treasure. Of a free afternoon, he sought out his tree, took so many steps to the west, so many to the south, and then circumspectly dug up his pipe. Amid such penal circumstances it can well be imagined that they pulled but faintly at their pipes. Their lot was like that of the Jews at Babylon as they languidly smote their harps, or hung them with sorrow on the willows of the streams. And as freedom came to those Jews, so better days dawned for the smokers. Gradually the circle of safety lessened,

until finally the back-stop and hand-ball alley were frequented by the boldest spirits. Then a delegation was sent to the faculty, who granted that all men have a right to life, liberty, and the *pursuit of happiness*, and set apart a room for the exclusive use of smokers. A provisional clause, the wisdom of which all over eighteen years of age fully recognize, barred all under that age from these privileges. The memory of Runnymede may wane, but founders' day will ever be a glorious one for the Raleigh club.

The above mentioned room provokes this article. Two windows look to the east, as many to the west. Those looking to the west are the most important, because a vine-yard happens to be directly under them. Of course, I do not insinuate that any Raleigh man would go through these windows for the purpose of offering violence to this vine-yard. We are too honorable for that, especially in the day time and during the full moon. The location of the vine-yard probably explains the superior cleanliness of the western windows. It is a great pleasure to watch the purple fruit coming to a perfect orb. The windows looking to the east are now of a rich mud color. They will soon be equal to stained glass windows. Some one made a motion to throw some water on them one day, but every other fellow in the room hastened to clean his pipe, and pretended he didn't hear the proposition. Thus the matter fell into abeyance.

In the matter of art we confess our belongings are scanty. There is, however, one picture by

which we set great store; it is a pearl of great price. No one seems to know just where it came from or when it came among us. Were it not so old, its heavy, rich colors would indicate its being a Tissot. Time has very much dulled its sheen and rendered its outline indistinct. However, the form of a man and an animal can be clearly discerned. Evidently the picture is symbolical. One irreverent critic holds that the picture only represents jolly old Schlitz riding an aggressive goat to celebrate the joyous advent of bock beer. We are a unit in rejecting this base interpretation.

One cannot appreciate the richness of a fine spring day, if he has never fallen in love with a pipe. Fully to enjoy such a day, select some roof lying full in the sunshine, and dispose yourself thereon in the laziest and most comfortable fashion possible. Which being done produce pipe and tobacco (Duke's Mixture preferred), and proceed to the business in hand. If it be the right kind of a day, the air will leave you doubting whether or not you are warm or cool. Under these favorable conditions I know from personal experience and that of others that a pipe is earth's *summum bonum*. Take a stout inhale, and if a delicious, winery warmth does not surge over you, then you are in a bad physical condition. The position of our room gives us access to a roof in which all the conditions are fulfilled. When we are gathered on it leaving the sunshine soak into us and exhaling the odorous aroma, the bees of the field often leave the sweets of the flowers to swim in the sea of fragrance around us, and then fly away drunk

with delight to spread the good word among their fellows.

Properly, we have to do all our smoking immediately after dinner, and have no break-fast smoke. But, like Richelieu, where the lion's skin fails, we eke it with the fox's. It should be known that we sometimes congratulate members of the faculty on their birthdays with a tacit understanding that we get a morning smoke in return. As feasts of this order are always celebrated during the octave, the extra runs on for eight days.

"A great statesman, Joseph, that same Lysander."

I sometimes regret that the discovery of the weed happened at so late a date. If Homer could have thrown his feet on a table, tilted his chair, and blown rings, as we do, then the *Iliad* would be an epic. As it is, how can he expect us to read that poem, when we can spend our time with more profit and delight in reading Barrie's studies in smoke. Jupiter's dream of evil may be a fine thing in its way, but it does not appeal to us so strongly as the dreams one can build out of a cloud of smoke. And then there is Horace wasting his fine powers on fountains, and Falernian, and *Lydia flava*, when he could have ravished the world with an "Ode to My Tobacco Pouch," if Columbus had only discovered America in time.

By these reflections I am led to remark that most English poets loved to smoke. Tennyson loved his pipe, and would probably have done as much for it, as the soldier of the song. This soldier carried his pipe in his boot, so much did he value it. Now it chanced that his pipe leg was

shot off in battle, and this brave fellow grabbed for his pipe. The pipe safe, he secured his widowed leg. It was from the imagination of a smoker that that beautiful figure sprang which likens a loaded pipe to a golden treasure in a venust vase.

I had intended to prove that smoking is not the enemy but the friend of health. Alas, my pipe is out, and inspiration, fled. This piece of philosophy I have reserved to crown the whole. A pipe, like devotion, moderates our joy in prosperity, and diffuses a sweet consolation through us in adversity. Thus its happy possessor is raised above the exigencies of circumstance. If all men smoked, liver-pill advertisements would no longer disgrace our fair land.

THOMAS P. TRAVERS, '99.

POETIC INDUCTION.

I hurried, led by fancy's hand,
With quickened pace to fairy land;
 To dreamland's region, where we find
Sweet pleasure yet unmarred and pure,
Some disappointments to endure
 Of cherished hopes we left behind.

Of all attendants I alone
Was looked upon as one unknown,
 Not fit to move in this high sphere.
I felt regret, when up to me
A spirit came in sympathy
 Dispelling all untimely fear.

Translucent wings he wore and fanned
My troubled brow; then laid his hand
 On mine and spoke in mysteries
On topics that appeared so strange,
Till in my mind there passed a change,
 And I could understand with ease.

He held my hand in warm embrace,
Conversing with familiar grace
 Which woke a longing in my heart.
A strong sensation o'er me came
That quickly quivered through my frame
 And opened higher spheres of art.

I only felt, but could not see,
For earthly mist surrounded me,
 Perhaps e'en this was but conceit;
For when that form released its hold,
I half forgot all he had told;
 And all too quickly time would fleet.

This vision woke a strong desire
That drew me to the poet's lyre.
 And soft refrains of heav'nly song
Like never dying echoes came;
Melodious strains too pure to name
 Drew up my soul where men belong.

VITUS A. SCHUETTE, '99.

POETRY VS. NOVEL.

(Negative side of debate held on Washington's
 Birthday.)

RESOLVED THAT THE STUDY OF THE NOVEL
AFFORDS MORE MENTAL AND MORAL CULTURE
THAN THE STUDY OF POETRY.

Although my opponent has just unburdened
himself and tries to feign that the study of the

novel affords more mental and moral culture than the study of poetry, nevertheless, the undeniable truth stands as firm as ever, that poetry affords incomparably more mental and moral culture than the novel; since the novel is at best only a crippled shape of imperfect poetry endowed with the ridiculous spirit of sentimentalism. It is the boasting reflex of the agitated passions of a sentimental author. To its origin we may aptly apply the words of Horace: "*Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.*" Poetry, on the contrary, is something undefinable, truly sublime and elevating, ultimately founded upon correct moral perception "so much so (as Cardinal Newman says) that where there is no sound principle in exercise, there will be no poetry; and that on the whole (originality being granted) in proportion to the standard of a writer's moral character will his composition vary in poetical excellence." The well-known fact that some poems contain bad passages does not in the least overthrow my assertion; because such passages are not poetical but prosaic failures ushered in between poetical lines. But I am not vindicating prosaic blunders. In order to prevent any futile imputation to the contrary by my opponent, I should like to call your attention to the fact that all able critics of poetry agree that bad passages found in poems cannot be considered poetical, since the standard of poetical excellence in mental and moral soundness. Such being the nature of poetry we easily conceive that poetry must naturally produce great mental and moral culture. No doubt, my opponents are well

aware and convinced of this fact. But they maintain poetry finds its equal in the novel. They may as wrongly affirm that the renowned philosopher Aristotle, or the wise king Solomon found his equal in that silly royal Roman of whom his mother used to say whenever she happened to meet a cranky person: "He is as great a fool as my son Claudius." Furthermore my opponents even claim that the study of the novel affords more mental and moral culture than the study of poetry. But, my friends, why is it that all able teachers and instructors, experienced men, condemn the reading of the plurality of novels? Why is it that prudent parents and zealous pastors of souls in general so strongly oppose the study of novels? It is because they are well aware of the fact that the reading of the majority of novels stupifies the mind, bewilders the imagination, sickens the feelings, and presents wrong ideas about actual life. They know, as we all know, that novels—the boasting imperfections of complicated passions of hatred and whimsical love—exert their baneful influences mainly upon the imagination. Most of the novels produce fictitious fields of diverse flowers which in spite of their glaring beauty continually exhale contagious diseases. And since the human mind is naturally eager and curious, and especially so the unchecked mind of pathetic youth, it passes with delight and without discernment of fitness or unfitness from one field of emotions to another until by customary excitement aroused by novels it acquires a habit of superficiality affected with vapid sentimentalism

and outbursts of unmanly sensations. Thus reading which requires any effort of thought grows irksome, and sound reasoning which demands strain upon mind and memory is finally dropped. Man's noblest faculty is thus impaired.

Intelligent audience, this is the main reason why prudent men condemn the study of the majority of novels.

Why on the other hand, do teachers, statesmen, orators, pastors, divines, and in fact all great men of genius encourage the study of poetry? Why is it customary among instructors of every tongue and clime to have their pupils learn poems by heart and interpret their meaning? This custom so old and so universal is based upon the conviction that the study of poetry develops, trains, and ennobles the mind; that it enriches the imagination with various noble ideas, that it stimulates and directs human feeling for all that is really beautiful, pleasing, true, and sublime. It fosters patriotism; it enkindles love for home and fatherland; it extols patience and charity; it exhibits the hidden charm of surrounding objects; it inspires the traveler with delightful thoughts; it colors everything round about us with a hue of heavenly grace; it swells our hearts with happy emotions; whilst it leads the intellect to desire the recondite beatitude that awaits the soul in the life hereafter. "It discloses before our imagination the panorama of ideal forms of excellence to which grace, harmony, and happiness are associated. It brings us into a new world—a world of overpowering interest, of sublimest views and the ten-

derest and purest feelings (Cardinal Newman).'' Convinced of this fact all great men have availed themselves of the study of poetry. And it stands to reason that great minds appreciate that which is conducive to the attainment of mental and moral perfection. We are not surprised that the most noted law-givers, such as Lycurgus, Solon, Moses, etc., inculcated upon their inferiors a deep relish and reverence for poetry. History tells us that Lycurgus and Solon used poetry as a means for the mental and moral culture of their country-men. The famous prosperity of Sparta and Athens is co-eval with the appreciation for poetry. While the Israelites were traveling in the desert Moses instructed and commissioned his sister Mary to sing to the people songs of hope and cheer. Now songs are generally poems. David—as we know from the Bible—made divine devotion exceedingly poetical. He himself composed one hundred and fifty psalms and had them sung during divine service. Moreover, religion—human relationship with God—surrounds itself with poetry. You, who are acquainted with ancient history and with the classics of old, call to mind the religious rites of the Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, Germans, and others. But revealed religion is especially poetical. God speaks to man through poetry. He makes the life of His friends a life of poetry, or, as Father Faber has it: "The saints of the Church are the poets of redemption." This may seem to be a risky assertion. But remember that a good Catholic, a servant of God, looks upon his fellow-men with a poetical perception. He sees only

animated matter, but perceives in it an image of God redeemed by the Precious Blood of Christ and destined for eternal happiness. Is this not poetical? Moreover, not only the prayers, exhortations of forlorn hope, the psalms, hymns, the Magnificat, the songs and ceremonies of the Church, yea, the very sacrifice of the Mass—the divine drama of infinite love and condescension—what is it else than divine, pure, and perfect poetry?

These few, brief remarks concerning the influence and excellence of poetry will suggest to your thinking minds the inestimable mental and moral culture derived from its study.

But, my friends, what mental and moral culture does the study of the novel afford? My opponent has indeed shown all possible benefits which exceptionally good novels may afford. But since we are not only speaking of the exceptionally good ones, but of novels in general, the question naturally re-occurs to our minds: What mental and moral culture does the study of the novel in general afford?

If we but cast a glance over the outside world and observe the influence of the vast majority of novels we receive the mournful answer: The terrible masonic monster of direst deeds and fiendish mockery which pervades by far the majority of novels now-a-days, bombastic in its display, feigning glee and wonderful disclosures about the problems of life, crowds the imagination with fantastic obscurities, patronizes Epicurean happiness, fills the mind with prejudice, and makes this life a—failure. And this pernicious spirit of

sentimentalism is encouraged by hundreds of new novels every year. It flashes with radiant display through every country. Curious, careless, fickle-minded, young and old throng after it and long for its stay. The monster stays, it enchants the crowd, it sways the world of humbug. Duty, truth, and religion are mimicked, derided, and banished from their domain. The God of mercy and justice is defied and blasphemed, and the devil of caprice that stirs in the mire of the depth is proclaimed to be man's ideal. Christianity, the mother of sanctity, the giver of hope and cheer, is chased away with ungrateful pride and prejudice.

If this novelistic monster would absolutely succeed in governing the civilized world for about thirty or forty years, Christianity would disappear from the face of the earth; revolution, anarchy, and material pantheism would disquiet the heart and foreclose the life of eternal bliss. This is the spirit, the actual influence of the majority of novels now-a-days.

Friends, I appeal to your common sense and sound intelligence to decide that my conclusion is correct and licit when I firmly maintain that the study of poetry affords incomparably more mental and moral culture than the study of the novel.

VIGILIUS H. KRULL, '99.

REFLECTIONS.

Ah! greatness of soul! O wonderful thought!
Dreadful at once, yet comforting too.
Being immortal! so dearly bought
With the blood of God as ransom for you.

Pure spirit of man, created, not born,
Eternally planned, formed though in time;
Thou seem'st to be hidden, concealed, and forlorn,
Though destined for Heaven, goal most sublime!

As the life-giving germ in the acorn's core
Whose dormant power is shown but in growth,
Liest thou in the nature of man, and before
He stammers, thy presence is beaming forth.

In the sun and the moon and the stars of the sky
Some definite semblance and form we espy.
Of thee, O my soul! no shape I conceive,
Yet greater than those art thou, I believe.

Those countless orbs in the ocean of space
We admire and measure, their courses we trace.
Yet thee I compare to some beautiful star,
Shining from measureless distance afar.

More brilliant than the brightest of planets above,
Than the moon when her face to the sun she inclines;
Thy wonderful orb, reflecting God's love,
In the splendor of grace and sanctity shines.

Increasing in lustre while growing in grace,
Thy paths are drawing closer around
Thy glorious centre, and heavenward bound
To the infinite God, thy resting place.

ILDEPHONSE J. RAPP, '99.

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EDITORIAL COLUMN.

HONOR.

A Catholic writer is now living who once wrote a book holding up the honor standard at West Point as the model for Catholic seminaries and, equivalently, for Catholic colleges. In the blue light of current controversy among military men, that same West Point honor begins to take

on a suspicious tinge. If, as may reasonably be supposed, the cadets take their cue on honor matters from their superiors in the profession of arms, we will have none of it. What kind of honor is that which is thrown topsy-turvy by every lance that is levelled at it? If our honor can not look with serenity at hostile untruth, what a weary thing it is, "insipid as the queen upon the card." Scratch a man who is sensitive about his honor, and you generally find that his supposed honor is pride sailing under false colors. Tennyson has his queen's maid say:

"I will have no man true to me, your Grace,
But one that pares his nails."

So the military men will have their honor prim in the niceties, but will readily overlook its having a cinder for a heart and pride for charity. Honor is a rose of grace that grows better in the warmth of kindness and self-sacrifice than amid the flashing of swords.

ARTIST AND ARTISAN.

That sayer of good things, Charles Stoddart, was particularly felicitous when he made his well known distinction between artist and artisan. He who tries to do his work with a finish and grace, whether he wield a pen, a brush, or a spade, is the true artist; while he who is working simply to finish his work is the artisan. It seems to me that this view of the matter should give hope to many of us that were not born under the star of genius. The fine men are so prone to look coldly upon their brethren in the lesser walks of life, that these come finally to accept the general verdict,

and gauge all their efforts by quantity rather than by quality. It was Ruskin who said that love for one's work is the best gift of the gods, and Stevenson writes that life without the spirit of art to animate it would not be an acceptable gift to him. It is certainly not healthy to lay so much stress upon the spirit of art as the polished Robert; his honest declaration, however, shows what a color we may put into our lives by cultivating the artistic temperament. And that this temperament can be cultivated is evident to the least observant, once a quickened mind has put us on the right scent. To point to one instance, have we not all seen our grandmothers in their prim white caps and with glasses well back on the head giving the most critical of looks at their finished piece of darning? Here we have the artistic temperament as thoroughly incarnate as in the painter who stands looking with half-closed eye at his model to catch the poise of the head or the tints playing about the cheek. Moreover, they practice their art for pure art's sake, since their neatly darned stocking will never be hung up for exhibition, as the painter's picture will. I once knew an old gentlewoman who could as little bear to iron a shirt without raising the plaits with a spoon as a musician could brook playing an instrument out of tune. A person rejoicing in this temper is raised as far above them that have it not, as a man is above a machine. Though it be not genius, yet does it often render its possessor a man of more interesting personality than the man of genius, just as Mister Pinto in *Lothair* is a social lion amid intellectual Croesuses, although his pockets were only filled with six-pences.

THOMAS P. TRAVERS, '99.

EXCHANGES.

Evidently call for copy was very urgent when the editor of the MOUNT ANGEL BANNER essayed to dash off his little eulogy on Rudyard Kipling. We were nonplussed to account for the high praises bestowed upon the jungle-poet, until a plea for the Anglo-American Alliance in another column by the same gentleman removed the scales from our eyes: The old story of an Anglomaniac trying to persuade us that Kipling really is a poet. "Kipling", asserts his admirer, "writes for all people, and not infrequently for all time." All of which sounds more beautiful than true. While it really does seem that Kipling is fooling all the people some of the time, it would be well to remember that he cannot do it all time. Unless he soon gives us something of more genuine worth than Fuzzy Wuzzy and the Ballad of Fisher's Boarding House, his star will be on the descendant. It is well to bear in mind that Kipling himself has presumed to call his verses nothing more than Barrack Room Ballads and Departmental Ditties, while some of his later effusions might with more propriety be called Bar-room Echoes. As for the statement that Kipling's poems are "a tonic morally invigorating", we in charity suppose that Mr. Gherini hardly means this seriously, else we should be constrained to think his a very prosy view of poetry.

The ALOYSIAN for Easter is a very treasury

of good things, and it may be discriminating to choose any particular paper for an appreciation. Truly marvelous is the improvement noticeable in THE ALOYSIAN since its birth, especially so when we remember that that journal is scarce a half dozen numbers old. Few of our exchanges contain such an abundance of really delectable reading. The contents for Easter though mostly in lighter vein possess no mean literary merit and betray great care in composition. In the short sketch, Easter Morn, there is discernible a poetic touch throughout. What we were fearful was a plea for the new woman in Some Women of the Past, turned out to be a very sensible article in which the writer develops several sound thoughts. However, we cannot but regret that she has not improved the occasion to mention some of the world's *greatest* women. While we see the name of Semiramis, whose existence is in doubt, nowhere do we see the sweet name of her in whom there was no spot, Mary most pure, the name that recalls to us the picture of the morning star softly dripping into the wavelets of the sea of Galilee, the flutter of angel wings, the holy Ave! and the sweet submission of the handmaid of the Lord. Surely it was forgetfulness that omitted the names of St. Theresa or St. Catherine of Alexandria from the roll of great women. Surely these may serve as models. The writer beautifully concludes: "By the numberless firesides and in the homely cloister, where beautiful lives are breathed out for God, there are battles fought hourly, with struggles as fierce and anguish as keen as ever met contending armies."

FELIX T. SEROCZYNSKI, '99.

SOCIETY NOTES.

C. L. S. The Columbians held their semi-monthly meeting, Sunday, April 9th. Among other things discussed and decided upon was the time that should be allowed to each debater in our future programmes. To give the debaters unlimited time often considerably weakens, and sometimes destroys, the interest of the debate before it is half finished, and the last speaker has often to appear before his audience under great disadvantages. When four or more members each speaking consecutively for twenty or twenty-five minutes wish to hold the undivided attention of the audience, they must be debaters of no mean abilities. After some few remarks the society wisely decided to limit the time of each speaker hereafter to fifteen minutes.

In the evening of the 9th the following programme was rendered in the auditorium:

Emerson's "Be Firm," Philharmonic Glee Club.

Recitation.....J. Wessel.

Affirmative.....C. Mohr and C. Uphaus.

Debate:

Negative.....E. Werling and E. Hefe.

Dialogue, } A. Bremerkamp
 } and B. Recker.

Emerson's "Good Night",.....Philharmonic Glee
Club.

The book committee has the thanks of the society for the happy selection of useful and beauti-

ful books which they have purchased and which now adorn the shelves of our library.

MARIAN SODALITY. The sodality's regular meeting was held in the chapel after High Mass, Sunday, April 9th. The names of the candidates for admission had been previously passed upon by the officers; all were considered worthy to enter upon the time of probation. In the course of the meeting the Spiritual Director, Father Bonaventure, addressed the sodality with a few words of exhortation to the effect that each and every member should love and revere the Blessed Mother next to God Himself. The sodality then recited the Little Office and the Litany of the Blessed Virgin and adjourned.

LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART. The first Friday of April will be a day of long remembrance and, in after-years, of pleasant recollections to our present members of the league of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. On this day the usual religious exercises were held, the principal one being the reception of the sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist. At the evening exercises a most beautiful ceremony took place. Resting upon a neat pedestal within the sanctuary, surrounded by fragrant flowers and lighted candles, stood a beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart, both hands pointing to that most loving Heart that promised Blessed Margaret Alacoque blessings in abundance upon every place where an image of it should be set up and honored. Looking at those pleading eyes, and that loving Heart, the daily recipient of insults and gross ingratitude, every member felt a

new stimulus to spread a more fervent love toward the Heart of Jesus and bring ungrateful souls to recognize the kindness and mercy of that meek and humble Heart. The local director, Father Bonaventure, conducted the services which consisted of hymns to the Sacred Heart, the blessing of the statue, and Benediction.

The members of the league have every reason to be proud of possessing the statue which their efforts and contributions, assisted by a generous donation on the part of the Faculty, have placed in the college chapel; and, in after years, what a beautiful, pleasant, and cheering thought, to know that that Heart, whose image still stands and will stand in our chapel as long as St. Joseph's College, testifying to our youthful love and devotion towards the Sacred Heart, is yet honored and implored in our behalf. WM. R. ARNOLD, '01.

EASTER TIDE.

Nothing indeed can be more solemn and at the same time more adapted to arouse a feeling of compassion with our dear Lord than the ceremonies of Holy Week. Nearly every rite is illustrative of some part of our Savior's passion. The ceremonies are peculiarly beautiful when they can be carried out to their full extent, as, e. g., in places where there are many priests as was the case this year at St. Joseph's College.

At the tenebrae the two highest classes of classical students assisted. The choir rendered a

four-voiced "Miserere" and "Benedictus."

On Maundy Thursday P. Augustin, assisted by P. Chrysostom as deacon and P. Nicholas as subdeacon, sang the Solemn High Mass. The remainder of the day was filled up by hours of devotion before the Blessed Sacrament. On Good Friday P. Luke was celebrant, P. Augustin deacon, and P. Nicholas subdeacon. The choir also assisted at the singing of the passion and in the afternoon rendered many beautiful pieces, as: "Popule Meus," Stabat Mater," "Christus factus est oboediens," and "Tenebrae." Two elegant sermons, one German, the other English, were preached by Fathers Luke and Nicholas respectively. The first showed how we can make reparation to Jesus for the acts of irreverence which the Jews made in derision by making our genuflections, inclinations of the head, etc., with the greatest devotion. The latter treated of the great sufferings of Jesus and how He did all for the love of us poor sinners.

On Holy Saturday the Rev. Rector celebrated High-Mass; P. Justin as deacon and P. Nicholas as subdeacon assisted. At the Gloria the bells rang out the joys of Christ's resurrection.

"This is the day the Lord hath made; let us be glad and rejoice in it." Yes, indeed, Easter is the centre around which all other feasts are clustered. It represents to us a truth, a victory over death, sin, and hell, without which our faith would be a sham. P. Augustin in his sermon spoke on the greatness of Christ's victory and on the circumstances that make such a victory

memorable, as: the strength and power of the enemy, the just cause, etc. P. Nicholas was celebrant, P. Augustin deacon, and P. Luke subdeacon. The choir rendered the "Missa Luciae," and in the after-noon four-voiced vespers.

OBITUARY.

On Wednesday morning, April 12th, Master Hermenegild Knapke, '03, of Xavier Hall was most disagreeably surprised at finding himself the recipient of a telegram to the effect that his father, Mr. Bernard Knapke of Cranberry Prairie, O., had died of apoplexy the night preceding. The gentleman was paralyzed while on his way to church the Sunday previous. He was aged about 57. One may imagine the feeling of a son on being apprised of so unexpected, sudden, and severe a loss. Hermenegild's grief was notably heightened by the fact that it was not even permitted him to attend the funeral of the deceased parent, himself being at the time confined to his bed by a serious illness. We wish to express our sincere sympathy with the lad in the name of all his fellow-students, the more so since he is one of the few little fellows whose sunshine faces and lively temper are wont to spread genuine jollity among their comrades.

It is with heartfelt regret that we record the death of the father of our esteemed former editor-in-chief, Mr. William Sullivan, '97. Mr. Sullivan departed this life on April 7th. The Collegian extends sympathy to the family of the deceased, especially to our former fellow-student. R.I.P.

FATHER WIECHMAN'S LECTURE.

Ever since the lecture course has been established, the C. L. S. has been fortunate in procuring able lecturers; their usual success attended them in engaging Father Wiechman of Gas City, Ind., to deliver a lecture on the evening of St. Patrick's day. The Rev. Father has twice conducted our annual retreat, once before delivered a highly meritorious lecture on Shakespeare, and once held a very spirited patriotic address on Military day. So every one, Faculty and Students, anticipated the pleasure in store for them on St. Patrick's day. The theme, "Life of St. Patrick" was most appropriate. Though the subject of many a previous lecture and sermon, in the hands of an able speaker like Father Wiechman it was fraught with many new and beautiful thoughts. He pictured to us at length the earlier days of St. Patrick, his years of solitude and servitude far distant from home and friends, love and sympathy, except that which Almighty God often showed him in an extraordinary manner; he spoke of his many years of careful study and preparation for the great work he was about to commence, of his untiring zeal and wonderful success in the conversion and salvation of the heathens that occupied the Green Isle. Though we had often read the life of St. Patrick, the lessons it teaches were never deeper impressed on our minds than by the earnest, eloquent, and poetic language of the Rev. lecturer on the evening of March 17th.

ANTIOCHIEN'S HEILIGTUM.

On the 20th of March, the patron feast of the College, the actors of St. Xavier Hall, the members of the "Teutonia," rendered a drama with the above title. We have before this witnessed the success with which the dramas rehearsed under the direction of Father Clement were presented. Great hopes were, therefore, entertained, nor were we disappointed. Following is the cast of characters:

Godfrey of Bouillon.....	D. Neuschwanger
Radulf, his son.....	V. Schuette
Bohemund, Knight.....	C. Faist
Raimund, Knight.....	H. Fehrenbach
Walter, Knight.....	E. Deininger
Brother Peter.....	V. Krull
Korboga, Turkish Commander-in-Chief.....	F. Ersing
Hassan, his sycophant and general.....	I. Rapp
Achmed, his general.....	D. Brackmann
Renegado.....	K. Vigil
Choir of angels, Religious, Christian and Turkish soldiers.	

The scene of the drama is Antioch at the time of the first Crusade. The play opens with a battle in which the Christians are defeated and forced back into Antioch; while Radulf, the son of Godfrey, is taken captive by the Turks. Famine and revolt rage in the city; outside its walls the wily Turk is maturing his treacherous plans. Spurious accounts and forged letters are sent to Godfrey of Bouillon, by which he is informed that Radulf has embraced the religion of Mohammed. The life of Radulf is offered in exchange for Antioch. God-

frey, however, remains firm, and, trusting in Heaven until inspired with new hope in consequence of the discovery of the holy lance, they make a sally upon the Turks and defeat them. Radulf, disguised as a Mohammedan, returns to the Christians in the course of the battle.

As a whole the principal characters conceived and acted their roles well, but some of the minor parts might have been rendered more spirited. The minor characters, if well acted, go a great way toward making a success of a drama. Whatever part we do act, it should be our endeavor to act well. This, as a rule, is ignored by many of our actors.

Mr. D. Neuschwanger, as Godfrey of Bouillon, gave us a true insight into the character of that great leader. As general he showed himself indefatigable, courageous, confident, but not presumptuous; as father generous, loving, yet preferring God and His cause to the life of his son. The gentleman has materially increased the fame as an actor which already invested his name. Mr. V. Schuette, impersonating Radulf, the son of Godfrey, exhibited excellent stage presence. His was the part of a noble youth, a loyal son of the Church, and an ideal knight. In the impetuosity of youth he is full of precipitate action; afterward, though tried hard by misfortune, he exhibits the manliness and stability of his character. Mr. Schuette acted well throughout; when, about to rejoin the Christians, he brandished his Turkish cimeter, exclaiming:

“Und, Tuerkenklänge, du
Sollst einmal Tuerkenschaedel spalten,”

he was greeted with universal applause.

Mr. F. Ersing appeared as Korboga, the Turkish leader. He showed the haughtiness of the Turk and the sternness of the commander; but we missed in him the elasticity of person and captivating grace which charmed us in his general Hassan, impersonated by Mr. I. Rapp. The parts of Messrs. I. Rapp and D. Brackmann are opposed to each other throughout the play and thus become the more prominent. Mr. Brackmann acted the role of Achmed, an upright, well meaning, loyal subject to his prince; Mr. Rapp impersonated the vile, treacherous, sycophantic intriguer, who even in the presence of the emir is dangerous. Though acting the most abominable part in the whole play, Mr. Rapp earned more praise than any other player of the evening. It is admitted that in dramatic talent he is without a rival in St. Xavier Hall. The roles of Messrs. V. Krull, E. Deininger and C. Faist were done full justice. Mr. H. Fehrenbach not only acted one of the main parts but also plied his brush to give us a beautiful altar scene for the fourth act.

The principal characteristic of this drama being lively action and fiery passion it was an ardent task to render it. Thanks to the untiring zeal of Father Clement and the active good-will of all the participants, it was rendered with unprecedented success. Let us hope that in the near future the C. L. S. may favor us with a drama accompanied with as great a success.

PERSONALS.

The following Rev. Fathers were present to witness the "Heiligtum von Antiochien," rendered by the members of the Teutonia on the evening of March 20th: Revs. B. Kroeger, Logansport, Ind.; M. Zumbuelte, Hanover Centre, Ind.; J. Flach, Dyer, Ind.; J. Bleckman, Michigan City, Ind.; H. M. Plaster, Hammond, Ind.; W. Berg, Shererville, Ind.; C. Ganser, Kentland, Ind.; J. Berg, Remington, Ind.; C. B. Guendling, Lafayette, Ind.; G. Schramm, LaPorte, Ind.; J. Kubacki, Reynolds, Ind.; J. Bilstein, Goodland, Ind.; F. Jansen, Lafayette, Ind.; F. Koenig, Lowell, Ind.; L. Linder, C. PP. S., Winamac, Ind.

Mrs. Mary B. Horstman, Mishawaka, Ind., accompanied by Master Horstman, visited her two sons, Henry and Bernard, on the 29th of March.

Mr. J. Kremer, Maria Stein, O., and Messrs. I. Dabbelt, J. Seitz, and H. Schwietermann of St. Sebastian, O., were with us on St. Joseph's day visiting their sons.

During Holy Week Mr. W. Arnold enjoyed the company of his brother Mr. G. Arnold of Muncie, Ind.

The COLLEGIAN extends hearty congratulations to Mr. F. B. Meyer upon his appointment to the postmastership of Rensselaer, Ind.

WILLIAM R. ARNOLD, '01.

LOCALS.

Mutch, you do nothing!

Nick is a corker; he caught the porker.

“Choppers” turns around in his pocket and finds no hole.

Lassus is “lazy” in English.

The choir was again re-enforced; at least numerically.

Zouave drills and sham battles a few weeks ago. Nobody killed; one slightly wounded; battle-field overflowing with blood.

Some seculars received an automatic shave from a “Wall” lately invested in the barber shop.

“Say, Vince, what are you doing?”—Muinch (fixing his watch): “I am improving my time.”

What time is it?—The clock stopped; it has the spring-fever. Neuschwanger cures it with a bottle of coal-oil.

The tonsorial parlor proper you’ll find on the second floor. Rudy is still “proud” of cutting short the highest gift of man.

Father Bonaventure is teaching a class in book-keeping. Cyril says the study of this branch is of no use, because the book-keeper will never get employment, not even in a book-store.

With a permit from his superiors Lassus became a hermit! They say, it is much more quiet now in the dormitory from which he retreated.

S. Meyer, agent of the Walton Watch and Jewelry Co., Chicago. Prompt service.—Expla-

nation furnished gratis.—No humbug.—Hours of service 12.00—2.00 P. M. and 5.00—6.00 P. M., Collegeville, Ind.

The new-born child of the C. L. S. is called Philharmonic Glee Club. Many are its members, great its ability in constituting its power, and indeed wonderful the effects wrought on the audiences. It is not at all astonishing that on the evening of its first appearance a student in his enthusiasm cried out: "A kingdom for the echo of that first song which the Glee Club gave us to-night."

Fathers Luke Rath and Nicholas Welsch, both C. P. P. S., who were ordained at the St. Charles' Seminary, Carthagen, O., have recently become members of our Rev. Faculty. Both are already experienced men in the art of teaching, and we wish them the greatest success in their work.

A warm wave from the south initiated the tennis season, and a spirited game was the result. The ground was then yet rather slippery, and Mr. Scherzinger was often seen in the supine position, lying on his racket and kicking at the ball with his feet. As long as the orchestra is in action the four star players at tennis dare not show up, because Mr. Mohr cannot as yet divest the viola and the cello of their strings to fix the rackets. Four sets will be in play on the campus this year.

Obedience called our beloved professor, Rev. C. Notheis, away from St. Joseph's. The students will indeed feel the loss. Father Charles is at present at the St. Joseph's Indian School.

The Germans of St. Xavier Hall will soon appear in Scena with two short comedies. A good thing that the wits are not all exhausted.

Says Eulogius: "Dulce et decorum est pro Glee-globo mori." There can be no greater inducement offered than a noble death for the good cause.

Herman Fehrenbach, '98.

HONORARY MENTION.

FOR CONDUCT AND APPLICATION.

The names of those students that made 95-100 per cent in conduct and application during the month of March appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90-95 per cent.

95-100 PER CENT.

F. Kuenle, F. Seroczynski, T. Travers, E. Ley, W. Hordeman, W. Arnold, J. Mutch, C. Rohrkemper, C. Uphaus, E. Wills, H. Horstman, E. Werling, B. Recker, P. Biegel, O. Holtschneider, C. Frahlich, A. Bremerkamp, H. Plas, J. Seitz, J. Meyer, H. Wellman, F. Theobald, L. Walther, C. Diemer, J. Steinbrunner, A. McGill, S. Shenk, H. Muhler, P. Wahl, C. Wetli, J. Braun, A. Kamm, L. Dabbelt, M. Schwieterman, F. Wagner, B. Horstman, L. Wagner, C. Hils, T. Brackmann, D. Brackman, D. Neuschwanger, F. Hefeale, H. Seiferle, R. Stoltz, P. Staiert, S. Kremer, A. LaMotte, X. Jaeger, L. Huber, E. Flaig, A. Schuette, L. Hoch, M. Schmitter, F. Steinbrunner, F. Didier.

90-95 PER CENT.

G. Diefenbach, B. Nowak, W. Keilman, O. Bremerkamp, J. Wessel, T. Ehinger, C. Hemsteger, H. Fehrenbach, E. Deininger, F. Ersing, V. Krull, I. Rapp, V. Schuette, C. Faist, P. Kanney, L. Linz, C. Mohr, C. Miller, M. Koester, S. Hartman, B. Holler, R. Monin, B. Scherzinger, B. Alt.

FOR CLASS WORK.

In the first paragraph appear the names of those students that have made an average of 90 per cent or above in all their classes during the month of March. The names of those that reached an average of from 84-90 per cent will be found in the second paragraph.

90-100 PER CENT.

T. Saurer, I. Rapp, V. Schuette, P. Staiert, P. Kanney, F. Seroczynski, T. Travers, W. Horde-
man, C. Mohr, D. Neuschwanger, H. Seiferle, R. Monin, S. Hartmann, S. Kremer, M. Koester, E. Werling, A. Schuette, M. Schwietermann, A. Koenig, I. Wagner, H. Knapke, C. Rohrkemper, J. Seitz, J. Steinbrunner, L. Walther, L. Dabbelt.

84-90 PER CENT.

C. Faist, T. Kramer, E. Hefe-
le, W. Arnold, J. Mutch, B. Staiert, E. Wills, M. Schmitter, X. Jaeger, L. Huber, E. Flaig, L. Hoch, A. McGill, L. Tansey, W. Flaherty, J. Braun, B. Alt, C. Grube, F. Didier, B. Scherzinger, F. Steinbrunner, C. Uphaus, A. Bremerkamp, O. Holtschneider, C. Frahlich, B. Recker, J. Trentman, O. Bremerkamp, S. Shenk, T. Ehinger, A. Kamm, A. Schlaechter, B. Nowak, C. Wetli.